He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.

Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*

Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.

Ma. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What ſayes your Lord?

Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to daw them hence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.

Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt g
Lend fauorable eares to my
And pardon vs the interrupti
Of thy deuotion and right C

Glo. My Lord, there needs
I rather doe beſeech you par
Who earneſt in the ſeruice o
Neglect the viſitation of my
But leauing this, what is you

Buc. Euen that I hope whic
And all good men of this vng

Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I haue d
That ſeeme diſgracious in the
And that you come to repreh

Buc. You haue my Lord: v
At our intreaties to amend th

Glo. Elſe wherefore breath

Buc. Then know it is your
The Supreame Seate, the thro
The Scepter office of your A
The lineall glory of your roy
To the corruption of a blem
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of
Which heere we waken to y
This noble Ile doth want his
Her face defac't with ſcars of
And almoſt ſhouldred in this
Of blinde forgetfullneſſe and
Which to recouer we hartily
Your gracious ſelfe to take o
Not as *Protector*, Steward, S
Nor lowly factor for an othe
But as ſucceſſiuely from bloo
Your right of birth your Em
For this conſorted with the C
Your worſhipfull and very l
And by there vehement inſti
In this iuſt ſute come I to mo

Glo. I know not whither to

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